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CEREBUS

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number twenty-four (1981) in its entirety

October 20, 1989

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The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California.

A Note from the Publisher

This issue's editorial is going to (I hope) be brief. For starters, I would like to apologise for this issue and last issue being so late. It couldn't be helped, but I will try and not let it happen again. I haven't seen last issue yet and this one should be going to the printers tomorrow. This sort of thing hasn't happened to me before, as our printer was in Kitchener before. But costs going up the way they do it was time to shop around. To make a long story short, a month later I had two new printers (one for the insides and one for the cover) and we were way past deadline time. The artwork got lost, the shippers got confused, but in the end the art was found and right now they are printing the issue (I hope). It's a bit late, but better late than never. So this issue was held up a bit too, but I'm hoping we'll be back on schedule by next issue. So, I hope to see you then with happier news. . . .

CEREBUS

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1984.

continued from Cerebus Bi-weekly #23.

mine at Marvel gave this individual a bunch of Cerebus to read. When he saw the Wolverine parody, three covers in sequence, he saw that it threatened Marvel's trademark because permitting me to do such a thing, without official notice being served to cease and desist, was tantamount to legally implying that Wolverine was now in the public domain. Graciously, Jim informed me that any time I wanted to do something like that, I had only to notify Marvel and they would send me a letter waiving their copyright for a specific use of the character. As I understand it, this would only apply to situations where I would want to make this kind of extended use of a character. That is to say, The Moon Roach was okay because he was a story device used over an extended period. He never appeared on consecutive covers and consequently was not a major and/or pivotal selling point for a series of issues. The Wolveroach was, and all Marvel would have to do is find a few fans who bought that issue because Wolverine . . . or someone who looked an awful lot like him . . . appeared in that issue and on the cover, and they would have an open-and-shut case. Although it was just a giggle at the time (splash a character all across the cover and then have him lying unconscious upstairs through the issue), I concede the point, guys. It was unfair usage. If I stick to using Marvel characters to the same extent that Chris made use of the giant aardvark character S'ym in the X-men, I wouldn't expect to hear a peep out of them. If they do a S'ym mini-series with that character on the cover and make him grey instead of purple, I will be right on the front lines. Suing their asses off, because they're in the wrong? No, sending a very terse letter to the legal department telling them to stop. Because it's really not that bad a way to settle something when you know the law is on your side.

So much for the fun part of this introduction.

Do you know that I have only redone one of the introductions since I started doing Swords? The introduction was for issue 11 (Swords 3 if you aren't very good at math). It dealt at great length and in meticulous

detail with the nervous breakdown I had in the summer of 1979. The two events were so fully integrated in my mind, that I felt that there was no way I could side-step the issue and still paint an accurate picture of my state of mind and creative decision-making for that time period. When I had it done, I realized that what I had written was very personal and had little or no bearing on the book.

I started over and worked around it. No problem.

I knew when I started working on this volume of Swords that the problem going to come up again. My first reaction when I finally turn my attention to one of these volumes is to try and remember who I was and what I was doing at the time I was working on a particular issue. No problem with these issues.

Well, actually there is a problem. The problem is that what I have to say from here on in is with the idea of making a point. Some people won't agree with the point ("Ah, c'mon, Dave, you're exaggerating") some people won't even get the point ("Huh?"). some people will understand what I'm saying and probably get depressed ("Ah, shit, Dave. I paid six bucks to read this?"). I'm in a no-win situation. So, for however you take this, if it means something to you, you're welcome. If you think it's a waste of ink and you're more than a little pissed off, I can't say as I disagree with you considering that you expect lots of ha-ha in these introductions and how long you had to wait for Volume six. I can promise, however, that I will put away the soap-box when I'm done and get back to lots of ha-ha in time for "A Night on the Town".

There was something out there.

I incorporated the feeling into the book. It was a very strong feeling that I had that fall. I felt hesitant about developing the Apocalypse Beast story-line since #24 was already filling up with explanations of why everything wasn't as it seemed in #23. The Beast seemed out of place somehow, and I couldn't help feeling that I was addressing something that was happening or which

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was going to happen.

I really couldn't.

You have to understand that doing a comic book for seven years with no one else assisting in the direction of it becomes a very intense kind of self-therapy in the long run. Very often I will recognize an allegory that I hadn't intended consciously. Sometimes it will be months later before I see it. I'm entertaining people, but at the same time I am talking to myself. In coming up with situations and circumstances recognizable to a wide audience, you see yourself as inspiration, resource and pattern. Very often these realizations of what I'm talking about can be unnerving. No one else would ever recognize them (Thank God), not even those closest to me, but I will.

So picture that I had decided to make Charles X. Claremont this enormous negative force who wants to destroy everything around him. And he's in search of the magical means with which to accomplish it. And I give it to him.

Believe it or not, I am sane enough to look at something like that and say "What the hell am I doing?" Suffice it to say that I had a very bad feeling about introducing the means to destroy the world I was creating into the story-line and to begin moving in the direction of bringing it about. Call it being self-conscious about my subconscious, anyone who sets out to do something like that in his means of creative expression is talking about making a big ca-ca of some kind. Subconsciously or otherwise.

Those of you who have read the introduction to the story "The Morning After" in Swords volume 2, will remember my trip to Rochester. Just to save you the trouble of stripping the tape off the back of a mylar bag or going out and buying a copy, I was at a convention in Rochester, a city which I characterized as "cold as a bitch" and "dead as a doornail".

The Friday night I arrived in Rochester was very very cold indeed. As is my wont, I found my own way to the Con Hotel with the idea of doing a little writing and relaxing before the Con began the next

morning. It was the night the television program, Dallas, was going to reveal "Who Shot J.R.". Synchronistically, it was November 22, the seventeenth anniversary of the JFK assassination in, synchronistically, Dallas, Texas. Literally, the show was all anyone was talking about in the lobby, the restaurant, the elevators. The place emptied as 9:00 approached. I ended up in my room, watching the show, even though I hardly knew who J.R. was, let alone having any suspicions as to the identity of his assailant.

The next night, (as I related in the aforementioned Swords introduction) I was invited out for a good old time by a couple of dealer type-types. I drank considerable in a number of different bars.

What I left out of the introduction last time was the handgun.

We got ready to leave the last bar around 3:00 in the morning and Bill (not his real name) was teasing Rick (not his real name) in a good-natured way about the odds on getting mugged in the neighborhood we were in.

Rick said something to the effect of, "Then I'd just have to use this", and pulled his pocket open a little so Bill and I could see the handgrip of a .38 revolver.

"What did you bring that for?" Bill asked, in the tone of someone asking a friend why he brought flippers to go skiing.

I was about to ask the same thing in the tone of someone asking a friend why he was using a lighter to check how much gas is left in the barbecue.

"Hey", said Rick, the voice of sweet reason. "Some asshole wants to mug me I want to be able to put a few holes in him."

I couldn't believe that two guys who made their living off of funny books could be having this conversation in the wee small hours of the morning. We decided to go back to the hotel and continue our drinking with a bottle that Bill had brought with him for just such a late-night emergency. When we got back to their room, Rick put the gun on the small table that seems to be endemic to Holiday Inns everywhere.

"Take the bullets out," I said.

continues in two weeks.

THE COMING OF SPRING AT MADAME DUFORT'S SCHOOL -- THE THREAT OF SEPPAN SOLDIERS (SEE CEREBUS
Nº 23) VANISHES WITH THE SNOW AND ICE AS THE SURROUNDING LAND THAWS INTO MUD AND
MARSH... AH, **SPRING** -- WHEN A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE AND A
CERTAIN AARDVARK'S THOUGHTS REMAIN FIXED ON GETTING OUT OF MADAME DUFORT'S
SCHOOL IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE...

SWAMP SOUNDS

FOR THE MOMENT, THE EARTH-
PIG IS FIGHTING A LOSING
BATTLE WITH **BOREDOM**...

REALLY, THERESA... YOU SHOULD
BUTTON UP YOUR DRESS...
WHAT WOULD **MADAME**
SAY?...

OH, JANETTE -- DON'T
BE SO BLOODY DAMN
TIREDSOME....

I DON'T GIVE A
BLOODY DAMN WHAT
MADAME WOULD SAY
...



TERESA!

YOUR LANGUAGE!

YOU SEE, CEREBUS MY LOVE-- THEY'RE ALL SO...SO...PROVINCIAL!

IT REALLY IS JUST TOO BLOODY DAMN BORING AROUND HERE...

FOR PITY'S SAKE, THERESA!

QUIT SHOWING OFF AND BUTTON YOUR DRESS

I BET A QUARTER OF A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY...



YOU DON'T WANT ME TO BUTTON MY DRESS, DO YOU, CEREBUS...

MY OWN TRUE LOVE...

MME

CEREBUS CAN'T REMEMBER THE RULES TO THIS MORONIC GAME...

I'LL EXPLAIN IT *ONCE MORE*-- THE BEST HAND IS MAGICIAN AND THREE PRIESTESSES, THEN MAGICIAN AND TWO PRIESTESSES THEN TWO PRIESTESSES AND TWO KINGS, THEN TWO KINGS AND TWO QUEENS, THEN A QUEEN AND THREE KINGS THEN A KING AND THREE QUEENS... PRIESTS ARE WILD AND THERE'S TWO DRAWS-- IF YOU HAVE TWO QUEENS OR TWO FIVES YOU SAY "GIMPSEE DOODLE" AND EACH PLAYER HAS TO PAY YOU TWICE WHAT THEY BET ON THE INITIAL WAGER UNLESS YOU'VE *ALREADY* DRAWN A NEW CARD AND THEN YOU ONLY GET TWICE THE INITIAL WAGER FROM THE PLAYER ON YOUR LEFT, UNLESS HE HAS TWO KINGS AND THEN HE SAYS "DOPEE DOOP" AND YOU HAVE TO PAY HIM THE AMOUNT YOU OTHERWISE WOULD HAVE WON, SEER

THERE IS NOTHING CEREBUS HATES MORE THAN CUTE CARD GAMES.



ACTUALLY, I'M RATHER SURPRISED THAT YOU'RE NOT MORE FAMILIAR WITH THE GAME...

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD THE ARISTOCRACY IN ESHNOSOPUR IS ABSOLUTELY OBSESSED WITH IT...

CEREBUS BETS A COPPER PIECE...





I SUPPOSE YOU'VE
HAD MANY
ADVENTURES,
M'SIEU?

OH,
KATRINA

DON'T BE SO
BLOODY DAMN
THICK...



OF COURSE HE'S
HAD MANY
ADVENTURES

WHY HE'S PROBABLY
SAVED SIMPLY
THOUSANDS OF
WOMEN FROM
DEATH...

HAVEN'T
YOU?



ACTUALLY
NO.

CEREBUS DID
USE ONE FOR A
SHIELD ONCE,
THOUGH.



M'SIEU!
SURELY YOU
JEST!

SHE WAS THE
ONLY ITEM AT
HAND...

OH MA
DIEU



HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD
OF THE CODE OF HONOUR,
M'SIEU? IT PLAINLY STATES
WOMEN ARE NOT TO BE
HARMED--IN ANY
WAY!



THAT'S WHY
THEY MAKE
THE BEST
SHIELDS



WITH ALL THIS CODE
OF HONOUR STUFF,
THEY'RE BETTER
PROTECTION THAN
CHAIN MAIL...



WORKED SO WELL, IN FACT, CEREBUS
HAS BEEN CONSIDERING STRAPPING
A FEW TO HIS HORSE AND TYING
ONE AROUND HIS NECK THE NEXT
TIME HE HAS TO GO INTO BATTLE

THERESA!



OH, MA DIEU
--MADAME IS
AWAKE!



KATRINA?

JANETTE?

YES,
MADAME!



M'SIEU?

YOU DIDN'T REALLY USE A WOMAN FOR A SHIELD

NO...

CEREBUS WAS JUST MAKING A POINT ABOUT THE "CODE OF HONOUR"

I THINK I UNDERSTAND, M'SIEU...

AND CEREBUS DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE USED ONE FOR A BATTERING RAM...

MM?

DID YOU?

I HAVE TO GO, NOW.

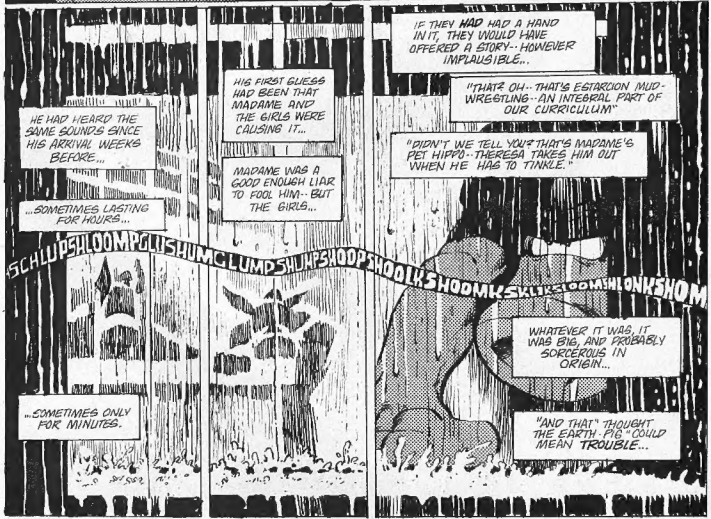


MOMENTS LATER...

TARIM.

LOKSHOLUCKSCHHLOPPGOPPSLOSHLOPP

THERE IT IS AGAIN...



HE HAD HEARD THE SAME SOUNDS SINCE HIS ARRIVAL WEEKS BEFORE...

...SOMETIMES LASTING FOR HOURS...

HIS FIRST GUESS HAD BEEN THAT MADAME AND THE GIRLS WERE CAUSING IT...

MADAME WAS A GOOD ENOUGH LIAR TO FOOL HIM-- BUT THE GIRLS...

IF THEY HAD HAD A HAND IN IT, THEY WOULD HAVE OFFERED A STORY-- HOWEVER IMPLAUSIBLE...

"THAT? OH-- THAT'S ESTARDON MUD-WRESTLING-- AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR CURRICULUM"

"DIDN'T WE TELL YOU THAT'S MADAME'S PET HIPPO-- THERESA TAKES HIM OUT WHEN HE HAS TO TINKLE."

...SOMETIMES ONLY FOR MINUTES.

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS BIG, AND PROBABLY SORCEROUS IN ORIGIN...

"AND THAT" THOUGHT THE EARTH-PIG COULD MEAN TROUBLE...

SCHLUPSHLOOMPGLUSHUMGLUMPSHUMPCHOOPSHOOKSHOOMKSKLIKSHOOMSHLONKSHOM

AFTER A TIME, THE SOUND FADES. CEREBUS, LOST IN THOUGHT, CONTINUES TO STARE OUT THE WINDOW AT THE DRIVING RAIN...

M'SIEU --
I'VE COME
TO CHECK
THE WOUND
ON YOUR
...

HMM.

WHEN I GAVE
YOU THAT CRUTCH,
I DIDN'T INTEND
FOR YOU TO WEAR
IT OUT...

CEREBUS
WAS JUST...

RESTING
HERE

THINKING.

SO?

WHAT'S
THE
VERDICT?

I BELIEVE YOU WILL
BE OUR GUEST FOR
ANOTHER WEEK OR SO
...

WHAT?

IT'S BEEN
FOUR WEEKS
ALREADY

BE THAT
AS IT MAY,
M'SIEU
...

IT WAS NOT *I* WHO
ABSENT-MINDEDLY HIT
MY FOOT ON THE
FLOOR TO SIGNAL
THAT MY SUPPER WAS
A FEW MINUTES LATE

PERHAPS IF
YOU COULD THINK
OF A WAY TO
INDICATE YOUR
IMPATIENCE
THAT WAS
LESS...ah...

...DESTRUCTIVE?

CEREBUS' FIRST
IDEA WAS TO
SET FIRE TO
THE
HALLWAY...

AH!

YOU WERE ON
THE RIGHT *TRACK*,
THEN...

WHEN YOU GET
TO THE POINT
WHERE YOU CHOOSE
TO SIMPLY WAIT
A FEW EXTRA
MINUTES...

YOU WILL HAVE
MADE *REAL*
PROGRESS

NON?

FOR *NOW*, HOWEVER,
YOU WILL HAVE
ANOTHER WEEK
OR SO...

TO MORE
FULLY DEVELOP
YOUR NEW-FOUND
PATIENCE



CEREBUS HAS
HEARD THE
SOUNDS AGAIN...

I SEE, AND DO YOU
STILL BELIEVE THE
GIRLS AND I ARE
RESPONSIBLE?

YOU MAY FIND THIS
HARD TO BELIEVE
MADAME...

BUT CEREBUS IS NOW CONVINCED
THAT SOME MANNER OF SORCERER
OR WIZARD HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST
IN YOUR GIRLS...



AND HAS SENT
SOMEONE...

OR SOMETHING

HERE TO
GET THEM



PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING,
M'SIEU, BUT THIS STORY IS
RATHER FAMILIAR...

THE LAST SOLDIER WHO
STAYED HERE CLAIMED
THERE WERE WOOD
TROLLS IN OUR WALLS...

HE SUGGESTED
THAT I ALLOW
THE GIRLS TO
SLEEP WITH HIM
IN HERE

JUST
SO THAT HE COULD
"KEEP A CLOSE WATCH
ON THEM" OF COURSE



MADAME

CEREBUS IS
BEING QUITE
SERIOUS!



HE WAS BEING
QUITE SERIOUS
AS WELL, M'SIEU...

I SUPPOSE I
SHOULD HEAR
YOU OUT, THOUGH

WHAT ARE YOU
RECOMMENDING
THAT I DO?



KEEP YOUR
GIRLS INDOORS
--INSIST THAT
THEY NOT GO
OUTSIDE
AT ALL...

TELL THEM TO
STAY TOGETHER
AS MUCH AS
POSSIBLE

AND ABOVE ALL
THEY SHOULD
NOT INVESTIGATE
ANY STRANGE
SOUNDS...



THE GIRLS
HAVE A
NUMBER
OF LESSONS
TO DO,
M'SIEU

I DOUBT
THEY WILL
HAVE TIME
TO INVESTIGATE
ANYTHING...



GOOD
NIGHT,
M'SIEU

SLEEP
WELL.

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME,
CEREBUS WISHES HE COULD
READ THE THOUGHTS LURKING
BEHIND MADAME DUFORT'S
ENIGMATIC HALF-SMILE...

THE NEXT DAY, CEREBUS IS UNABLE TO SHAKE THE FEELING OF IMPENDING DISASTER...

WOULD YOU NOT AGREE M'SIEU...?

WHAT'S THAT? CEREBUS WASN'T LISTENING

I WAS SAYING, M'SIEU

TWO CARDS

THAT YOU ARE A TRIFLE EXTREME IN YOUR BELIEFS ABOUT CHIVALRY AND HEROISM, NON?

LISTENING TO YOU ONE WOULD BE LED TO BELIEVE THAT YOU DON'T THINK SUCH THINGS AS HEROISM EXIST...

THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE CEREBUS DOESN'T BELIEVE SUCH THINGS AS HEROISM EXIST...

NOW REALLY, M'SIEU

KING ANDROS' DEFENCE OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS?

THE DUKE OF AKSHUN AND THE RESCUE OF HIS BROTHER FROM THE ONLIU?

NEED I GO ON?

ANCIENT HISTORY
THERESA

NO VERIFICATION POSSIBLE

LEGENDS AND FABLES FOR THE IMPRESSIONABLE

NAME CEREBUS ONE EXAMPLE OF A HERO STILL LIVING TODAY...

AS A MATTER OF FACT, M'SIEU I CAN NAME TWO

ONE IS KATRINA'S UNCLE - HER SISTER HAS TOLD US ALL ABOUT HIS MOST RECENT FEAT WHEN SHE CAME HERE

SO YOU CAN HARDLY CALL IT A LEGEND OR A FABLE

NOW, THERESA, I'M SURE M'SIEU CEREBUS...

OH PIFFLE KATRINA...

IT'S TIME SOMEONE LET HIM KNOW HE'S NOT AS SMART AS HE THINKS HE IS...

CEREBUS IS LISTENING...



HE DESCENDED INTO THE
BOWELS OF THE EARTH
UNDER HIS CITY, UNARMED,

THE
LEGIONS
OF HELL
DESCENDED

IN SEARCH OF THE FAE
WHO SOUGHT TO SPOIL
HIS PEOPLE'S CELEBRATION
OF A MAJOR FESTIVAL...



BUT WITH IRON THIEVES
AND SLEDGE HAMMER
BLOWS, HE MADE SHORT
WORK OF THEM.



AND THEN, ACROSS A
BRIDGE OF AGED AND
CRUMBLING STONES

HE SAW
HIS FOE...



THEY LOCKED IN MORTAL
COMBAT, POUNDING EACH
OTHER WITH BLOWS THAT
WOULD HAVE CRUSHED
LESSER MEN...

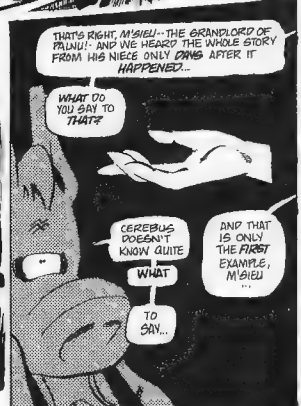


AN ACT OF
TRUE
HEROISM

AT LAST, HOWEVER, PURITY
AND NOBILITY WON THE
DAY...

AND HIS BRONZE MUSCLES STREAMING
WITH SWEAT, HE WATCHED HIS FAE FOE
APPEAR INTO THE SMILING MAW OF HELL...
THE FESTIVAL HAD BEEN SAVED...

ALL IN A DAY'S
WORK FOR LORD
JULIUS...



THAT'S RIGHT, M'SIEU--THE GRANDLORD OF
PAUN!!--AND WE HEARD THE WHOLE STORY
FROM HIS NIECE ONLY DAYS AFTER IT
HAPPENED...

WHAT DO
YOU SAY TO
THAT?

CEREBUS
DOESN'T
KNOW QUITE

WHAT

TO
SAY...

AND THAT
IS ONLY
THE FIRST
EXAMPLE,
M'SIEU
...

THE OTHER WAS TOLD TO US ALL BY THE LAST
SOLDIER TO STAY HERE -- THE SWASHBUCKLING
ALBINO BRIGAND ELROD OF MELVINBONE
WHO STRODE INTO SERREA JUST TWO SUMMERS
AGO

AND WITH NAUGHT TO AID HIM SAVE
HIS RUIN-CARVED BLACK BLADE
SEERSUCKER...

BATTLED THE CREAM OF THE
EMPEROR'S CITY GUARDS SINGLE-
HANDEDLY...

AT TIMES, AS MANY AS A DOZEN
SWORDS WERE RAISED AGAINST
HIM...

-- THE MINUTES WORE
INTO HOURS AND HE FOUGHT
ON -- UNTIL AT LAST ALL
OF HIS Foes WERE DEAD
OR HAD ESCAPED.

FULLY FIVE SCORE
SOLDIERS HAD TASTED
THE BLACK METAL OF
SEERSUCKER...

AND DO
YOU KNOW
THE REASON
THIS MOST
FEARLESS
WARRIOR
RISKED
HIS LIFE?

CEREBUS
COULDN'T
IMAGINE...

IT WAS TO SAVE THE LIFE
OF A SMALL CHILD IN A
RABBIT COSTUME...

AGAIN,
M'SIEU

AN ACT OF
TRUE
HEROISM

FOR WHAT
ELSE COULD
YOU CALL
IT?

ACTUALLY, CEREBUS
CAN THINK OF
SEVERAL CHOICE
DESCRIPTIONS

THERESA!

JANETTE

KATRINA

'HEROISM'
ISN'T ONE OF
THEM,
THOUGH

WE MUST
GO, M'SIEU

TOMORROW WE WILL
TALK ABOUT SOME
OTHER HERDES, NOW?

CEREBUS CAN
HARDLY WAIT

SLEEP

SLEEP OF DREAMS.
DREAMS OF THINGS
IN THE BLACKNESS.
REACHING.
GRASPING.

SOUNDS.

LOUDER THAN BEFORE.
SOFT-WET AND GROWING
AS THE BLACKNESS

CLOSES AROUND
THE EARTH-PIG

SCHLUCKSCHUMSLUKSHU

A SENSATION OF PULLING.
MUSCLES THAT DON'T
RESPOND THE BLACKNESS
LIKE BANDS OF IRON
WRAPPING TIGHTLY...

PULLING

TOWARDS WHAT? TIGHTER
NOW, CHOKING AND CLENCHING

SHLUCKSHTUPSHUK

PULLING

DOWN

TOWARDS THE SOUND. SOFT
WET AND LOUDER STILL...

PULLING THE EARTH-PIG
TOWARDS THE SOUND...

INSIDE. THE
SOUND. INSIDE

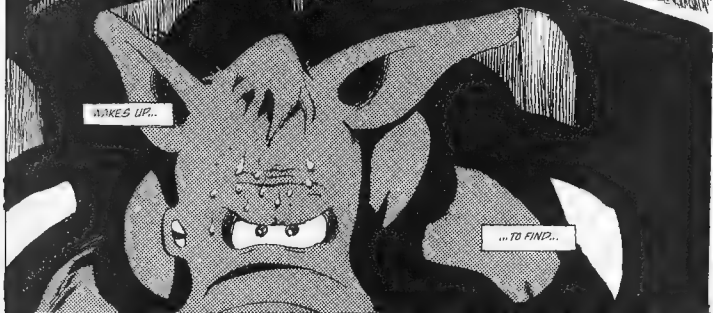
INSIDE THE SOUND INSIDE-- THE WORDS ARE A HALF-REMEMBERED REALITY IN THIS WHITE DAZZLE WORLD
OF SOUND IN WHICH THE EARTH-PIG FINDS HIMSELF TUMBLING END OVER END-- THE SOUND INSIDE

CEREBUS STRUGGLES TO GRASP THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WORDS EVEN AS HIS DESCENT SLOWS AND HE
FINDS HIMSELF FLOATING INSIDE THE SOUND THE SOUND INSIDE INSIDE THE SOUND INSIDE INSIDE

UNTIL FINALLY CEREBUS

WAKES UP...

... TO FIND...





SHLUCKSHLUKSHUK



SHLUCKASLUKSLUSHKA



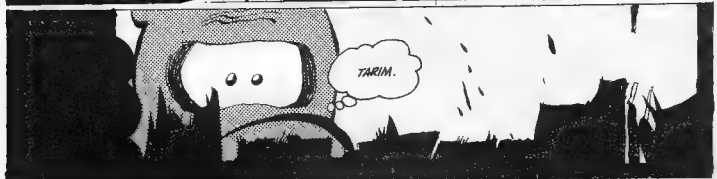
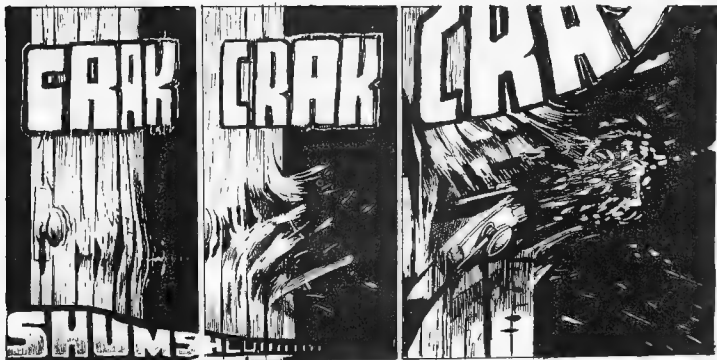


SHLUCKSHUKSHSLUSH



SLUKSHSLUGSHSHLUK





UNTIL A VERY SHORT TIME
AGO, I WAS ONE OF A
SELECT GROUP OF ALCHEMISTS
STUDYING IN RACHINNE

MY WORK HAD BEEN ADEQUATE
IF UNSPECTACULAR WHEN
I MADE A REMARKABLE
DISCOVERY...

QUITE BY
ACCIDENT...

STUDYING THE CHILDREN'S
FABLES WRITTEN BY SVENTEUS PD
ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO...

I DISCOVERED THAT THEY WERE
IN FACT ALLEGORIES FOR VERY
COMPLEX SPELLS AND
INCANTATIONS...

YOU'RE
JOKING.

NOT AT
ALL...

...WHY, IF I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT THE
PUMPKIN IN THE LAST PARAGRAPH
OF "BLINKY BOAR AND THE STRAWBERRY
PATCH" REPRESENTED, I COULD MAKE
GOLD OUT OF PIG MANURE...

I DID MANAGE TO RECIPIER "OLD GOOBER BEAR
AND THE NAGGY HEDGEHOG." IT WAS THE LOST
FORMULA FOR THE CREATION OF THE MYTHIC
APOCALYPSE BEAST

ARMED WITH PD'S BOOK AND MY OWN PAIN-
STAKING RESEARCH, I ADDRESSED A
PANEL OF MY PEERS...

I HAD COMPLETED ONLY THE FIRST FEW SENTENCES OF MY SPEECH
WHEN THE SOUND OF THEIR COLLECTIVE LAUGHTER DROWNED OUT ALL OF
MY ATTEMPTS TO CONTINUE...

THE NEXT DAY I LEFT
VOWING TO RETURN WHEN
I HAD CONJURED AND
HARNESSED THE BEAST

I CAME HERE AND BEGAN MY
SCHOOL. I NEEDED ADOLESCENTS
AS A FOCUS FOR THE SPELL...

I HAND-PICKED THREE
HEALTHY YOUNG MEN,
SCREENING THEM CAREFULLY
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL
ABILITIES...

I HAD INTENTIONALLY SELECTED BOYS FROM WEALTHY FAMILIES, HAVING NO PLINDS OF MY OWN TO FEED AND HOUSE THREE STUDENTS, THE POSSIBILITY OF WAR WITH UPPER FELDA, HOWEVER, HAD DIMMED THEIR INTEREST IN SCHOLASTIC PURSUITS...



...SO I TRIED A SECOND GROUP...



...AND A THIRD.



...AND A FOURTH.



THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE...

FINALLY I DID MANAGE TO FIND A BOY WHO, WITH MY ASSISTANCE, COULD MENTALLY INFLUENCE THE ENERGY GENERATED BY HIS WILL...

UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS SOMETHING OF A PRACTICAL JOKER...



AND I HAD TO REFUND THE TUITION PAID BY THE PARENTS OF THE OTHER TWO BOYS...

SO AFTER I GOT
RID OF THE BOY,
AND PAID OFF
THE PARENTS,
I WAS BACK
WHERE I
STARTED.

AND
BROKE.

"CLEARLY WHAT I
NEEDED WAS THREE
BOYS TO FURNISH THE
ENERGY FOR THE
BEAST.

IT WAS THEN THAT I
WAS STRUCK BY AN
INSPIRATION...

WAS THERE ANY REASON
THE BEAST COULDN'T
BE A WOMAN...?

ITS ENERGY FURNISHED
BY ADOLESCENT GIRLS...?



AND SO I BEGAN MADAME DUFOUR'S SCHOOL FOR
GIFTED DEBUTANTES. IT WAS THE PERFECT SOLUTION--
THE DAUGHTERS OF WEALTHY FAMILIES WERE WELL-
MANNERED, USED TO FOLLOWING ORDERS AND EAGER
FOR AN EDUCATION. I CONTACTED SEVERAL...

CEREBUS GETS
THE IDEA...

WEREN'T THEY A
LITTLE SUSPICIOUS
OF YOUR BRAND OF
TEACHING...?

NOT AT ALL-- I JUST TOLD
THEM THAT THEY WERE
PRACTICING THE ESHNOSOPURAN
COURTSHIP CHANT

EVER SINCE THAT
RIDICULOUS FIVE-DAY
REBELLION

THEY'RE SIMPLY MAD
FOR ANYTHING FORTH THAT
DIGNAL COASTAL CITY...

CEREBUS
NOTICED
THAT--

IF YOU DON'T MIND,
CEREBUS' LEG HAS
HAD ENOUGH EXERCISE
FOR ONE NIGHT

NAME YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE

ANYWAY-- WITH THE OCCASIONAL
WAYWARD SOLDIER FOR COMPANY, THE
GIRLS PROGRESSED AT AN ASTONISHING
RATE...

UNTIL NOW THEY ARE IN A
FULL TRANCE-LIKE STATE,
HOLDING THE ENERGIES
BALANCED IN THE CENTER
OF THE CIRCLE

ENERGIES NOW
AT MY COMMAND



AH! PLEASE
FORGIVE
ME...

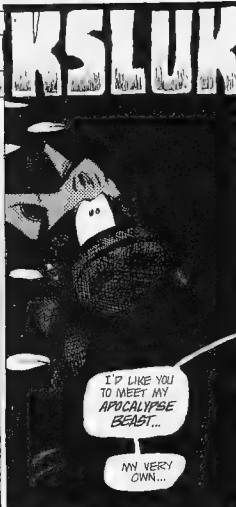
YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN INTRODUCED
HAVE YOU?



I WOULD ADVISE
AGAINST ANY
SUDDEN MOVES
...



M'SIEU
CEREBUS
...



I'D LIKE YOU
TO MEET MY
APOCALYPSE
BEAST...

MY VERY
OWN...

SCHLUCKSLUK



CEREBUS

bi-weekly

October 20, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 24

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bi-weekly

October 20, 1989

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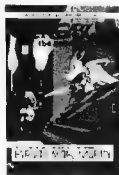
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October 20, 1989

Cerebus No. 24

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 24

AARDVARK COMMENT

- KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W6

Dear Dave & Deni-

I hope this letter finds you (and your irascible earth-pig) in good health and high spirits (apricot brandy I hope). Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, folks!

And speaking of holidays (nice segue, huh?) I was inspired by a photo you published of David Selinow to send you some pix of my brother's Halloween costume from two years ago and our "Cerebus the Pumpkin." Both are my creations.

Now for the important stuff: Cerebus #s 21 and 22 were tops! Encore! Elrod and Cockroach (a somewhat more patriotic version) back again! Who could ask for more? Not a true Cerebus fan surely. The parodies were fantastically funny and the art! ... the best testament I can give you to show how I loved it is that within an hour of buying the issues (no exaggeration) I had a piece of original art from #21! Superb!! I hope to see more parody like Red Sophia, Gesta, Henrot, Elrod, Brank Mak Mufn, Capl Cockroach and Bunky Kruu. Lord Julius (My God, the list is endless)!

If there seem to be a lot of exclamation points here, it's only cuz you deserve 'em!!

Go with Tammi!!

Jeff Christian,
13 Peppermill Rd.
Chatham TWP. N.J. 07928

If anyone else out there has photographs of costumes, figurines or other aardvark paraphenalia, or if the aardvark at your neighborhood zoo is especially photogenic, send us black and white prints that we will selfishly keep even though it wouldn't cost that much to return them. Remember now that's "Aardvark Comment Over Ego-Boo Department" at the address above

Dear Denise and Dave:

Have I tell you how much I like Cerebus. You know, I see only one artist to compare you with because even the Jones, Wrightsons and who else, how good they can draw, how fantastic artists they can be, they could never tell a story like you do. That artist I'm talking about is the great Will Eisner. I don't say you draw like him, I say you walk in the same paces of artistic mastery, let's hope you will become as good as he is today.

Well, I wish you one hundred Cerebus numbers. Take care.
P.S. I ain't a wonder in english writing. If you can understand french, it will be easily to me.

Mr Renaud Rene
Gerenstein 501 1103 Av
Amsterdam The Netherlands
I ain't a wonder in french writing. My sister-in-law could translate though French will be easily to her

Dear Dave and Deni

That creep that drugged Cerebus' drink must have given him LSD or if not LSD than that spider had some wicked venom. I've never experienced a

flashback of the drug for that matter but the beginning of issue 8 definitely was a hell of a way to treat any behaving aardvark. You've got an excellent comic. I could say more but I've read your letters page, and when Michael Moorcock congratulates you or Frank Thorne, you've been congratulated. I must tell you I've stopped buying Marvel's H.T.D. Your comic is the best, — the rest. Anyway, the short grey killer that looks like a bunny is destined to stardom. I love your art, the layout and most of all the character you've put into the aardvark. I have read up to issue #21 and am more convinced it's the best. I play Dugeona and Dragons as a money saving pastime. I play an aardvark in the game, it's excellent. Your stories resemble the kind of situations the character has run into. I also have carved and worked out a lead figure. So I may play the character in a more visual light. If you have ever had any dealing with the game, you know a character has certain attributes. Cerebus is the only one who retains the dreaded aardvark nose punch. The punch is worth from a D6 to two D4s of damage. I thought that might entertain you. I'm writing this after reading the whole

set from #2 to #17 in succession. Your comic is a new high standard in comic excellence.

P.S. I'm on a life-time quest for Cerebus #1, can you help me? I've got to have it at any cost. Also, when they say original artwork, do they mean the pages that went to the printer? Please reply (Note from Deni: the answer is yes)

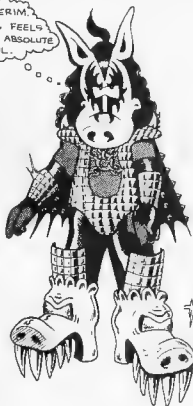
Randall M Rode
PSC #5 Box #6773
Lowry A.F.B. CO
80230

Bruce Bergstrom, the artist whom ad dress appears on our inside front cover has a copy of #1 for sale for \$100.00. First one to get to him with a cheque for that amount gets it. Considering that there are only 2000 copies of it and our circulation is now 12000, I doubt that # will be too long before he sells it. Why wait until the next Price Guide comes out!

Dear Dave and Deni

Ahh — I haven't written nearly as much as I should, but I'm sure you (of all people) understand the scarcity of time a working artist has. But I did want to let you know I am enjoying our little aardvark friend — and the change to monthly

BY TERM,
CEREBUS FEELS
LIKE AN ABSOLUTE
FOOL.



This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 24

AARDVARK COMMENT

- KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1N6

hasn't seemed to hurt the book at all much to my surprise. Good work, Dave!

The last issue I saw was quite an interesting experiment - using virtually no backgrounds - just millions (hundreds?) of pictures of Cerebus. Very clever. And I think it worked, over all. The first few pages confused the hell out of me - but eventually I caught on to what you were doing. I really enjoy it when you try and stretch the medium a bit like that. Keep it up.

In case you're wondering what I've been up to lately, I'm enclosing a couple of xerox sets, one is a five page story scheduled for Dope Comix #4, the other a recently completed M. Gilbert/Jeff Bonivent collaboration. We'll be trying for Epic and Heavy Metal on that one. Wish us luck. OK - enough. A million things to do and no time to do em in! Oh - and congrats on your 20th anniversary - I'll be looking forward to the next 20!

Michael T Gilbert
905 Ellington Lane
Austin Texas 78751

It's always nice to hear from someone on our freebie list. Everyone who misses The Wreith since Quack stopped publication, please raise your hands. Special thanks to Michael Gilbert for sending me the two stories. Watch for Dinner Party in Dope Comix #4.

Dear Dave and Deni

Just read #21 and I do say Cerebus is a cad when he's bombed! The popping in and out of drunkenness was a nice touch. [The scene where Cerebus knocked himself out had me reeling for over an hour - oopsie!! Ha Ha Ha giggle giggle snort snort there.]

Captain America is one of my favorite Marv characters, and I do say you do a good parody.

Also, please don't kill Elrod!!! I just got into Moorcock (having read only Dreaming City and Sleeping Sorceress) the parody (yours I mean) made me look into Elric, and I'd hate to see old Elrod kick off.

'sides would Bunky's death cause the good captain to go into suspended animation? Symbolic heroes have a tendency to do that, ya know.

One last suggestion, make the battle between Gorges and Stromms forces into a double-sized issue! No, forget that, a 100 page issue! (There, I've babbled, as Moorcock fans have a tendency to do! One question, will Cerebus wear armour in the battle? Anyway, Cerebus is great. The story and art. Keep it up Dave.

Roger Cadenhead
217 NE Rosamond
Burlison, TX 78028

Cerebus is getting a little old for going into battle Roger - he's more the type to stay in the little tent at the top of the hill with a bottle of ten year old whiskey and a fast horse in case his offensive unit gets massacred in the first half. Sometime I'd do an issue with a war in it and you'll see.

Dear Dave and Deni

I just finished Cerebus #21, and I must say I am truly overwhelmed. "Captain Cockroach" was absolutely brilliant. I have been a Captain America fan for years, but already I like "Cocky" more - and he's only appeared twice.

The one thing I am disturbed about is casting Elrod as Bucky Barnes. We all know what happened to Bucky, right? I'd hate to see my favorite albino bite the dust after such a brief career. Please try to keep him around.

By now you are probably wondering about the enclosed drawing. You are not seeing things. Yes, that is Cerebus wearing a Gene Simmons costume. Why? Well - if you take a look at the letters page of Howard the Duck #29, you will find a drawing of Howard as Gene. Yep, I drew it.

Why did I subject Cerebus to the same thing? Because after the drawing was published, my career as a professional artist skyrocketed. I've done ducks as kiss, ducks as Rocky Horror, ducks as everything. I have gotten many things published because of that drawing and I thought I'd tribute Cerebus the way I did Howard.

In finishing, I'd like to tell everyone that, yes I do like kiss. Yes I do draw stuff besides ducks and aardvarks (I'm currently working on a non funny animal story for Heavy Metal). And yes, I'm looking for a Cerebus #1 (can anyone help?)

Mark Williams
1278 Pompano St
San Jose, Calif 95122

Bruce? Got another one for you. Thanks to Mark for the drawing which appears elsewhere on these pages.

Dear Dave and Deni

Another masterpiece. What can I say? (better think of something, I must admit, I was a little worried about the death of Elrod. Next to the bunny, he's probably the best character in the book. Naturally, I had nothing to worry about, but who knew that at the time?)

Deadalbino is great. A little long to read, maybe, but still great. Doesn't Elrod find his skull a little drafty now? More than it was before, I mean. Too bad he's stuck in his trade-in. Lots of possibilities in Deadalbino.

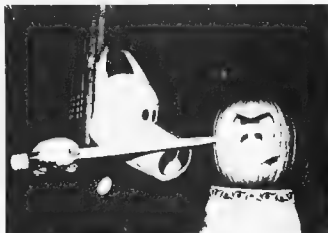
Just how long was Cerebus out for? How the **** did he get to Badwin? I sense the need for a lengthy flashback.

By-the-by, is that position of First Secretary of the Interior still open? I'm quite confident I could fill the post. Ninety-five percent of the time, anyways.

Oh, yeah, before I forget, I loved the Detective parody cover. Is that it? Seems to be. It's six a.m. I don't function too well this early.

Merry Xmas (oops Xmas)
Jon Marvin
1230 Radom St #14
Pickering, Ont

What can I say? (Better think of something, too) Cerebus was unconscious for about a month or so. In order to recount everything that happened to him, I would have to devote at least a full issue to telling you a story with Cerebus unconscious in the middle of it. I might even need a two page story. Forty pages of the earth-pig. Limp. Breathing deeply. With his eyes closed. Let me know if it's worth three bucks to you.



Jeff Christian's nameless younger brother menaces a pumpkin carved in the image of everyone's favourite earth-pig. A pseudo-Barry Smith folding panel lurks in the background reflecting the emotional turmoil of our foreground characters. This, I tell you, is story-telling!

P.S. KNOW ANYBODY WHO NEEDS SOME LETTERING?

FOUR SCORE

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS SPEECH WAS DELIVERED NOVEMBER 19, 1863 BY U.S. PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ON THE CIVIL WAR BATTLE-FIELD AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

AND SEVEN YEARS
AGO OUR FATHERS
BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS
CONTINENT A NEW NATION
CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY
AND DEDICATED TO THE
PROPOSITION

THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.
NOW WE ARE ENGAGED IN A GREAT
CIVIL WAR, TESTING WHETHER
THAT NATION, OR ANY NATION SO
CONCEIVED AND SO DEDICATED,
CAN LONG ENDURE.

WE ARE MET ON
A GREAT BATTLE-
FIELD OF THAT
WAR.

WE HAVE
COME TO
DEDICATE
A PORTION
OF THAT
FIELD...

...AS A FINAL RESTING
PLACE FOR THOSE WHO
HERE GAVE THEIR LIVES
THAT THAT NATION
MIGHT LIVE.

IT IS ALTOGETHER FITTING
AND PROPER THAT WE SHOULD
DO THIS. BUT IN A LARGER
SENSE, WE CANNOT
DEDICATE - WE CANNOT
CONSECRATE - WE
CANNOT HALLOW
THIS GROUND.

THE BRAVE MEN,
LIVING AND DEAD, WHO
STRUGGLED HERE,
HAVE CONSECRATED
IT FAR ABOVE

OUR POOR
POWER TO
ADD OR
DETRACT.
THE ...

WORLD
WILL LITTLE
NOTE, NOR LONG
REMEMBER WHAT
WE SAY HERE, BUT IT
CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT
THEY DID HERE. IT IS FOR
US THE LIVING, RATHER, TO
BE DEDICATED HERE TO THE
UNFINISHED WORK WHICH
THEY WHO FOUGHT HERE
HAVE THUS FAR SO NOBLY
ADVANCED. IT IS RATHER
FOR US TO BE HERE
DEDICATED

TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US -
THAT FROM THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE
INCREASED DEVOTION TO THAT CAUSE
FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST
FULL MEASURE OF
DEVOTION -

THAT WE HERE
HIGHLY RESOLVE
THAT THESE DEAD
SHALL NOT HAVE DIED
IN VAIN -

LETTERS BY:
KEN LEACH
12536 E. JEFFERSON
MISHAWAKA, IN 46545
(219) 259-3015/259-9373

THAT THIS NATION,
UNDER GOD,
SHALL HAVE
A NEW BIRTH
OF...

FREEDOM

AND THAT
GOVERNMENT
OF THE PEOPLE,
BY THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE
SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM
THE EARTH!

Single Page GOSPEL

© 9/15/89

IN
THE
BEGINNING
WAS
THE
WORD

Was the
WORD
And the
WORD

BECAME
FLESH

And dwelt among us.

Thank
God!

CEREBUS
bi-weekly

October 20, 1989

INSIDE BACK COVER
of
Cerebus No. 24

This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 24



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